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TYPES of PAN

KEITH PRESTON

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TYPES OF PAN

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By

KEITH PRESTON

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1919

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TO MY WIFE

NOTE

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TYPES OF PAN

What shall I call my tiny wit?
A pebble dropped in an endless pit,
Striking those dark, unyielding walls —
But tinkling, tinkling! as it falls.

TYPES OF PAN

Shopping on Parnassus

I WENT to the Smart Shop
Where words are retailed and retailored
For *vers libre* poets.
And they showed me a tray of nouns. Let me see,
There were aloes and sandal and musk,
Sea poppies and slit conch shells,
Anemones and algæ,
Spume and spray;
There were heights and depths, throes and thrills,
rouge
And drabs.
And they showed me a tray of adjectives, drooping-
Shouldered, half-virginal, wind-scattered, draped,
Undraped, ruffle-skirted, wan-green, ochre, yes,
And drab.
And I passed up the verbs and asked
To see the thoughts,
But,
So they told me, they were all out;
There was no demand;
I might find what I wanted
In the notions.

The Ballad of Uptodateness

Where are the nuts of a bygone day
That showed old Horace the modern way,
That pulled for Art with a capital A?
  Where, oh, where are they?
They left not so much as a busted lyre,
But maybe they sing in the heavenly choir.

Where are the hazels of long ago
That called Bill Shakespeare effete and low,
That did big things that were sure to grow?
  Where, oh, where are they?
Nobody knows of a single one,
But maybe they write for the Zion Sun.

Where are the filberts of yesteryear,
That were far too good for the public here?
Maybe they bow while the angels cheer,
  And maybe they don't.
Maybe they do and maybe they don't,
But we know some now that we're blame sure
    won't.

Alice in Lyric Land

In lyric fields when Alice roams,
The brooklets croon, the gloaming gloams,
There 's sheen o' star and shine o' moon,
Spun gossamer and velvet June,
When Alice dons her silver shoon,
And opes the mystic door to me
That answers to her mystic key.

When Alice strolls in lyric land
One hears the full cicada band,
And sweet, above their strident blare,
So sad, so shy upon the air,
Half virginal and wholly fair —
When Alice nears the lyric wood
That hermit thrush is going good.

When Alice walks in lyric lane,
The faëry folk all live again,
She hears their elfin music faint,
She sees them trying to be quaint,
Sometimes they are, sometimes they ain't:
But anyhow, they do their best,
And little Alice does the rest.

Standardization

I WENT to the Book Yards —
The Pot-Boiler Works
Some call it —
Where next year's best sellers
Are in the stocks.
And there I saw four and twenty
Book Wrights assembling
Standardized parts.
They showed me piles of green timber, Western
stuff,
Of course, some sticks already cut and dried for
Heroes and heroines, perfect thirty-sixes;
All they have to do is
Match 'em and splice 'em.
And they showed me the plates,
Interchangeable to fit
Any situation.

And I thought of the high cost
Of torpedoes:
"What's one periscope," thought I,
"Among so many?" but anyhow, I swore
To do my damnedest.

Our Defy

Horace, Satires, I, 4, 137 sq.
Ubi quid datur oti inludo chartis

Some ride, some golf, some bridge, some bibble:
When I have time to burn I scribble,
In lightest vein and, maybe, poorly —
This is a fatal foible surely.
It pains you, friend? You hate it? Yes?
I'll sound the poet's S.O.S.
For we are thick 'round here as leaves
Upon the upas tree or thieves.
We do not ask you to admire:
Respect our numbers or retire.

Ex Cathedra

Horace, Odes, I, 29
Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides

Well, Doctor, who'd have thought you were the one
To grudge his swag to the uncanny Hun,
To grab a bomb and hike amid the vulgar
Against the bloody Turk, the Boche, the Bulgar?

What round-eyed Gretchen sadly soon will see
Her schatz dissected by a Ph.D.?
What Prussian Lieut reluctantly will lug out
For you the looted tipple from his dug-out?

Who can deny that U-boats may contain
Life-saving crews and bless the harmless main?
Or on the senate service flag appear
A star for La Follette, their volunteer? —

When Elzevirs and Aldines, too, you sell,
Those books you bought so dear and loved so well,
Your hood and gown, scholastic panoplies,
To pay for khaki and to buy puttees?

After the War

Horace, Odes, III, 14

Run, boy, some cigarettes, cork tips; and say!
A bottle, too, laid down before The Day,
That '13 vintage, boy, if there be one —
An embusqué that dodged the thirsty Hun.

Good Cheer

Horace, Epod. 2, 53 *sq.*
Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum

No Guinea fowl (don't dare to ask it)
Shall nestle down in my bread basket,
Till now eupeptic;
No turkey taste shall gobble me
To atrabilious penury,
A sad old skeptic.

I find that hominy and rice
Or peas and pulse are very nice,
And cheap besides;
I need no doc my pulse to test,
My pangs appease, for all is rest
In my insides.

So — one more thing for me to rime on —
At simple life I'm Simple Simon;
The feed man stops by every day
And so I munch dull care away;
And so may all of you that see
This homily on hominy.

Variations on Horace

Here's a slap for fickle Pyrrha
And the thorns her roses wear,
Pity for the lad that's tangled
In the meshes of her hair.

Doting fool, his hopes will founder
As the winds awake that sleep,
Now the catspaw that caresses,
Then the black and angry deep.

Happy thou, to sit in safety
High and dry upon the shore,
Fling thy dripping weeds to Neptune,
Chase the golden girl no more,

Yet, I fear me, should she sparkle,
Should she smile again for thee,
Thou wouldst trim thy shattered pinnace
And put out again to sea.

Ad Postumum

Horace, Odes, II, 14
Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume

Ah, me, how fleet they go,
O Postumus, my Postumus,
The gliding years; no piety
Stays wrinkled age for you and me,
Nor death indomitable.

Not if each passing day
You slay three hecatombs of bulls
To tearless Pluto that still holds
Sad Tityos in thrall and folds
Thrice ample Geryon

Within that dolorous tide
  Not wide, that each and all must sail,
Yea, whosoever eats earth's fare
The rich lord of a county there,
  Or needy tenantry.

In vain we shun red war,
  The roar of Adriatic waves;
In vain through autumn days we fear
That death that haunts the dying year,
  The pestilent Sirocco.

Visit we must the black,
  The slack meandering stream,
The cursed spawn of Danaus,
With Æolus' son Sisyphus
  To lingering labor damned.

Leave them you must, the soil,
  The toil, the home, the wife you love,
And of a-many trees you tend
But the dark cypress at the end
  Shall shade its short-lived master.

An heir shall drain the lees
  That keys an hundred ward to-day,

And stain your pavements with the drip
Of wines still prouder than men sip
At pontificial banquets.

Foul is Fair

Horace, Odes, 2, 8
Ulla si iuris tibi peierati

If broken vows would make, my Flossie,
Your teeth less white, your nails less glossy,
I might believe this stuff about
How all our sins will find us out.

You give your promise, "hope to die,"
And grow more lovely as you lie;
And when you walk the avenue
The whole durn town runs after you.

You pledge the plot where mother lies,
The stilly night, the stars, the skies,
The blessed gods that live alway;
You lie and lie and make it pay.

Yes, Venus chuckles in her sleeve,
The Graces laugh as you deceive,
Fierce Cupid whets his darts and smiles.
(He makes munitions for your wiles!)

Then, too, the cradle feeds your hopper;
The yearlings flock to come a cropper.
Your graduates can't bear to quit,
Though they have often threatened it.

You scare the pater and the mater,
For fear their lamb will see you later.
And brides keep hubby tied, they say,
For fear you'll whistle him away.

The Eternal Conflict

Horace, Odes, II, 1, 29–40
Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior

What field is not more fat with Latin blood,
Scarred with new graves where warring legions thrust?
The Orient listens breathless for a thud,
Europe that topples in the western dust.

What lake unchoked, what river running free,
Now that the carnage spreads beyond the land?
Our blood incarnadines the furthest sea,
Blood of our sons is spilled upon the sand.

But stay, my Muse, light, laughter-loving jade,
Touch not the Cean dirge; be gay, be witty.
Dally a while with me beneath the shade,
Pick me a prancing pizzicato ditty.

On Seeing Things at Sea

Horace, Odes, I, 3
Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia

"What form of death feared he
That first beheld dry-eyed
Sea monsters swimming?"
Such Flaccus' question.
Well, I should say that we
Would call that guy pie-eyed
From bumpers brimming,
Or indigestion.

Songs of the Underworld

Horace, Odes, 2, 13, 21 sq.
Quam pæne furvæ regna Proserpinæ

Where burning Sappho sings her song
In Hades, no one listens long;
Their life, no doubt, is hot enough
Without that calorific stuff.
The shades all push and crowd 't is said
To hear Alcæus wake the dead
With martial cadences as catchy
And twice as ancient as Pagliacci.

So Horace sang, but now, we fancy,
He's wiser in his necromancy.

Suppose that snappy stuff like Al's
Goes bigger here than Dick Le Gal's;
On that side Styx all heads are clear,
There is no bone from ear to ear.
Those necropolitan élite,
The Plutocrats of Pluto street,
Have learned a thing or two we know
From all the clever folk below.
They know Falernian and Massic,
How Pegasus annexed the Classic,
And Hercules caused quite a fuss
By tying cans to Cerberus.
Ah, yes, friend Horace, I dare swear,
Your Sapphics get a hand down there.

To Cynthia

Propertius, I, 2
Quid iuvat ornato procedere, vita, capillo

Tell me, why those Pickford curls,
And that sheer Georgette?
They might make another girl,
But, dear, don't forget,

Nature turned you out a star
Frills can only dim;

Cupid's costumes simple are,
Take a tip from him.

See how colors light the field,
Ivy twines unsought,
Lonely grots arbutus yield,
Brooklets run untaught.

Nature strews the tinted pebbles,
Gems on every beach,
Gives the birds that artless treble
None could ever teach.

I would not, to spoil your fun,
Spring the green-eyed stuff;
But a girl that pleases one
Is dolled up enough.

Bill Run

Martial, I, 79

Bill used to run for president, he was a poor excuse;
Bill ran the state department till Bill ran out of juice.
Then William was a pacifist and running like a rabbit,
He ran himself into the ground and broke that running habit.

To Alcimus

Martial, I, 88

Alcime, quem raptum domino crescentibus annis

Alcimus, lost to thy master at the dawn of thy
young day,
Now the sod lies light upon you where you rest beside
the way.
Take from me no gift of marble, stone of Paros,
builded high,
Idle tribute to thy ashes, doomed to topple by and
by,
But the pliant box, the shadows of the close protect-
ing vine,
And the green, green grass above you, still bedewed
with tears of mine.
Take, dear lad, this simple record of thy loving mas-
ter's pain;
With each rising generation Alcimus shall live again.
When the grim relentless spinner shall have spun my
final thread,
Even so may I be gathered to my place among the
dead.

A Tangleword Tale

Ovid, Met. V, 385 *sq.*

Pluto, in his big buzz wagon,
Long and low, without a tag on,
With no license to be there,
Met Persephone the fair,
Picking flowers in childish play
By the primrose paths in May,
On the flowery ways of Henna —
Recking little of Gehenna.

So he stopped and begged a posy,
Took her in and made her cozy —
Gave 'er gas and hit on six
To the seamy side of Styx,
Where that car, as bubbles will,
Gave the trusting maid a spill.

So she queans it now in Hades,
'Mid those other shady ladies;
And she's picking flowers of sulphur
Where the netherlands engulf her.
Nothing seems to matter much —
Gasoline put her in Dutch.

You may ask why poor Demeter
When no Persy ran to meet her,
Did not go to the police
(For they had a force in Greece).
Well, she found that Pluto's pull
Was too much for any bull;
Pluto's word was law, they tell us,
In the underworld of Hellas.

SWALLOWS

From the Greek of Agathius Scholasticus

ALL the night I toss and fret,
With the dawn I half forget,
But those swallows, everlasting,
Twitter roundabout me casting
Tear drops in my waking eye,
Pushing sweetest slumber by;
And I weep upon the rack
For Rodanthe that I lack.
Cease, ye jealous babblers, cease!
Let me lose myself in peace.
'T was not I, you know it well,
Tore the tongue from Philomel;
Scold that wicked hoopoe sitting
'Mid the lonely hills or flitting

Through the wilderness lament
Itylus, with my consent.
Let me sleep, to dream, maybe,
That Rodanthe clings to me.

Hydrophobia

From the Greek of Paulus Silentiarius

Sober men by mad dogs bitten
With that water fear are smitten,
See in cup or pool, 't is said,
Horrid shapes and faces dread.
So, my dear, when first you met me
Cupid tripped me and upset me,
Wicked little nipper, he,
Sank a poisoned tooth in me,
Made me hydrophobiac —
Aqua pura brings *you* back.

To Heliodora

From the Greek of Meleager

Pour! and again and again, yet again, cry "Heliodora!"
Pledge, with the wine that we sip, blending her name on the lip:
Deck me with myrrh-moist roses, a chaplet from yesterday's revels,

Lingering blossoms that stir wistful remembrance of her.
Look, how the bright drops mantle the roses, familiars of lovers,
Tears for the waste of her charms, vanished away from my arms.

Ups and Downs

From the Palatine Anthology

Your paunch is round and near the ground,
Your neck is long and slender,
The notes that gurgle from your throat
Are musical and tender.

I thirst for your companionship,
My jolly old decanter,
So full of quips and quaint conceits
And pleasantries and banter.

But tell me, gossip, why when I
Am dry, you full of sherry,
Your spirits sink the more I drink,
And ebb as I grow merry.

Hercules and Omphale

Oriental charmer, she, vulgarly, a vamp;
Virile and red-blooded, he, we should say, a champ.

Poets tell us how she fished, wily Omphale!
Caught and used him as she wished, in her knittery;

How he humbly held the wool, at the lady's knees,
Tried the helmet on for her, Doting Hercules!

Recessional

Maids of Athens trod thy presses
With the vine leaves in their tresses,
Flushing hot to thy caresses,
Dionysus.

Thou wert prompter on the stages
Of the old heroic ages;
Witness Alexander's rages
Back in Susa.

Mænads danced to thee dishevelled,
Lavish Cleopatra revelled,
Nero fiddled and bedevilled
Burning Rome.

While thy rhabdomancy held,
Rockbound springs of fancy welled,
Lyrics flowered and poets swelled,
Dithyrambic.

We have loved thee for thy lotus,
Thy Sargasso seas that float us,
Honeyed philtres that devote us
To fond phrensy.

Now we know the dulcet uses
Of the unfermented juices,
We have fathomed all thy ruses,
Barleycorn.

Yes, to close this salmagundi
In the age of Billy Sundae,
Mr. Bryan, Mrs. Grundy, —
Thou art done.

Pervigilium Monachi

Cras amet qui numquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet

Hymn of Cypris, Aphrodite, golden litany of love,
Haunting challenge of the wanton, of the serpent to
the dove;

Did that old grey monk who traced it, handing on
the lilting line,
See the myrtle and the dancers, feel the swirl of love
and wine?
Did it warm a lonely vigil in his cold grey cell of
stone,
Lifting him above his Credo and the masses he would
drone?

Cras amet qui numquam amavit quique amavit cras
amet —
If our monk had known the Latin, would the song be
living yet?
Was his labor penitential, in a chain of daily screeds,
Did he do it for Religion, telling out the lines as
beads?
Yes, I often idly wonder, often think of him as odd,
Handing down the torch of Venus to the glory of his
God.

The Value of Greek

Now Huxley once wrote to an artist,
"To aid my researches, dear friend, —
I ask in the interests of science, —
How far down do blushes extend?"

Had Huxley been wise to his Homer,
The earliest bird of the Greeks,
He need not have begged for this info
That held up his studies for weeks.

For Homer got up with the chickens,
And, watching Miss Dawn as she rose,
Has left as a matter of record
The singular pink of her toes.

Onomatomancy

The urge of the midge to the flame,
Is naught to the lure of a handle;
The mind is a fluttering moth
And a name is the perilous candle.

I know names that are smoother than silk,
And names that are softer than butter;
I know names that are perfectly sweet,
And names that are utterly utter.

If Cleo had only been Liz
Her beauty would not have distraught me.
If Flo had been Irma her phiz
Would never, no never, have caught me.

Oh Min! When I hear it I wince!
Maria may rank as a charmer;
But her monicker makes her a quince:
A name is the joint in my armor!

Spider and Spinner

Arachne spins a gauzy net
That floats and shimmers on the lawn;
By noon that web is fouled and rent
Which hung so perfect at the dawn;
And when the wind of evening stirs,
Arachne's gossamers are gone.
Arachne, as no doubt you guess,
Arachne is the daily press.

Grave Clio weaves through circling years
Her age-enduring tapestry,
Of threads of gold and gossamer,
The warp and woof of history;
But since her threads she filches from
Arachne's webs, 't is hard to see
Where ends the web Arachne spins,
Where Clio's filament begins.

The Periscope

Being a Menippean Satire on the Book World of 1918

The Poet Grouches

A vamp on "Tommy"

I WENT into a publisher's to sell a batch o' verse,
The publisher 'e up an' sez, "Go out an' hire a hearse!"
The gals that can the manuscrips, they giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again and to myself says I:

Oh, it's Private this, an' Buddy that, an' "Rush 'im through the press!"
For it's 'e that made the publisher that made the lucky guess,
An' it's Tommy this, Leftenant that, print anything you please!
An' forty publishers stand by while Tommy taps the keys.

Best swap your nom de plume for a nom de guerre.

Holeproof Hank

Come gather round old "Holeproof Hank,"
The only living human tank;
Who spins a yarn of bullet blocking,
The best since Cooper's Leather Stocking.

When first I showed my happy knack,
They laid a target on my back,
And thousands clapped for this recruity
Who shed a bullet like a cootie.

That holeproof name already mine,
I reached the western firing line.
The whole Hun host looked on embattled
To see the human pill box rattled.

Machine guns cackled in their nest,
The bullets beat upon my breast,
Boche riflemen were firing densely —
It really tickled me immensely.

Their field guns firing open sights,
Scored hits direct like chigger bites.
But though outflanked and enfiladed,
I took those trenches all unaided.

Just then a German heavy roared.
The shell burst under me, I soared.
And as I started swiftly dropping
I heard the aircraft guns a-popping.

Thanks be to Bill and Bertha Krupp,
The bally shrapnel buoyed me up.
And parachuting lightly down,
I organized the captured town.

"And this is where," said Holeproof Hank,
"I get my air of martial swank,
That none has earned so well as I —
Not Private Peat or Arthur Guy."

SOMETIMES we sigh for a recrudescence of the lampoon in literature and when we get it — it is too crude. A pasquinade recently published in Reedy's Mirror slams an easily recognizable poetess on three counts, lack of poise ("She was nervous as a hornet"), surplus of avoirdupois ("Then we saw the fat woman") and a penchant for corpulent cheroots ("She was smoking a cigar as big as a rolling pin"). To all of which we should reply:

What do we care?

What do we care for the sort of mesh
If a soul pulsates in that pulp of flesh.
What do we care?

What do we care for the huge cigar,
If the spark of it be a guiding star,
What do we care?

What do we care for the size, indeed?
It's not the wrapper that makes the weed —
Was the filler grown from a precious seed?
What do we care?

Live Interviews with Live Authors

I

The Piqua Pioneer

"Damn the Kaiser?" said Dr. Davis in a recent interview. "Yes, I may fairly claim to have originated the expression."

Reaching for a copy of "The Kaiser as I Knew Him," Dr. Davis produced from between the leaves a square of rubber of the sort known to adepts as a dentist's dam.

"This is the original article," continued

the doctor, displaying to the astonished reviewer the actual impressions of the imperial teeth.

"It is true that in vulgar parlance the phrase has become, apparently, more drastic, but I assure you, sir" — the doctor smiled wickedly — "as pronounced by me it spelled more discomfort for William than he will find in the future state."

"Is it correct," asked the reporter, "that upon coming out from an appointment with you the Kaiser told Von Bethmann-Hollweg he had never been so bored in his life?"

"Well," said the doctor, with a reminiscent smile, "I cleaned out three cavities that afternoon — and Bill always did hate the buzzer."

II

Joseph Hergesheimer

"WHAT is your favorite line of poetry, Mr. Hergesheimer?" began our reporter tentatively. His jaw dropped as the noted author quoted sharply:

"'Hark, hark! The dogs do bark.'"

At this moment a distant barking became audible, which increased in rapid crescendo and ended in a scratching at the door.

"Oh, the Airedales," reflected the relieved reporter, and repeated his opening gambit.

"Beg pardon," said Mr. Hergesheimer. "You were saying?"

"What is your favorite line of poetry?"

The novelist reflected.

"Amy Lowell has a good line," said he.

"Only one?" asked the reporter densely.

The novelist smiled tolerantly. "I refer to her commercial 'line' — poets are very commercial people, you know — her poetical effects or goods and chattels, as the lawyers would phrase it. Speaking poetically, Miss Lowell has added a new muse to the old choir, Polyphonia. I am polyphonious myself; Mr. Burton Rascos has said it. He is my poetical discoverer."

"Yes," said the reporter, "Jones never thought of that; but, Mr. Hergesheimer,

are we to understand that Miss Lowell has influenced your poetic development?"

"No," returned the author thoughtfully. "I am not exactly in the position of Pope, who 'lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.' If I write in numbers I owe it, I think, to my early habit of serial publication."

HEROES OF FICTION

Tarzan

How many thousand readers greet
Tarzan, half ape, but incomplete,
And wait, with interest never stale,
For sequels to complete his tail!

If sales a trusty index be,
Of vogue and popularity —
A fact you simply can't escape —
The apex goes to this ex-ape.

JACK AND JILL

OUR "Jack and Jill," that simple tale,
How Mother Goose did slight it!
Ah, how her careless lines would pale
If H. G. Wells should write it!

First take the hour when Jack was born,
  How anxious papa waited;
Describe that age with bitter scorn;
  Tell how Jack's parents mated.

Then analyze Jack's infant bean,
  Recount his careful schooling;
Sketch Jill's arrival on the scene,
  And paint their childish fooling.

State how the buckets were procured;
  (Describe a bucket shop.)
Show how the ill-starred pair were lured
  To tempt the fatal drop.

Give all the croakings ere the spill;
  The words of faithful granny,
Depict the aspect of that hill
  With every coign and cranny.

Tell how they clambered up the slope,
  Observing all the strata,
And canvassed England's future hope,
  With economic data.

Say how the first misstep was Jill's,
Poor Jack fell down like Adam;
They hit the road beneath the hill
(The pavement was macadam).

THE CHILDREN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

"IT puts the children over the top," says the Grolier Club of "The Book of Knowledge," an encyclopedia for children. Now, this, we had supposed, was a special function of the late German central staff.

"It answers every question a child can ask," continues the advertisement, propounding the following specimens:

1. How many worlds are there?
2. Can anything travel faster than thought?
3. Will the world ever stop spinning?
4. Why does an iceberg float?
5. How does alcohol affect the brain?
6. How does a cow make its milk?

How would you answer these conundrums? Offhand, we would guess as follows:

1. "One too many for me," says the kaiser.

2. Rumor.

3. No, now that we have removed the German monkey wrench.

4. Because it can't swim.

5. It turns the gray matter rosy.

6. Like mother used to make it.

Timely Topics

To the Boston Transcript

THANKS brother, for that ink you spilt on
How Grub street changed its name to Milton.
But how, dear Transcript — there's the rub —
Change my Miltonic stuff to grub?

The Bath Poets

SOME day the bath poets will be as famous as the lake poets. The "Bath Classics" will no doubt have an introductory chapter on Alderman John Coughlin of Chicago. Some readers may perhaps remember his poem, "Dear Midnight of Love," which, with its fine Turkish flavor, made "The Bath" founder of this school. Then

there was Amy Lowell's iridescent effusion on her tub. From the same tap is drawn Miss Charlotte Eaton's "The Bath" ("Desire." By Charlotte Eaton. Duffield & Co. 1918):

Without aid of soaps, or sweet smelling lotion,
Each day do I bathe in the clear Croton water,
Remaining submerged for long, that my body may
absorb its invigorating properties.
Stretched at ease — singing to myself — or exercising
for mere delight in untrammeled action, etc.

But for sheer bathos we dare say none of the bath poets has attained the success of our staff poetess, Miss Aphro Diziac. Here is one of her quieter poems in the classic vein:

The Shower of Cold

At morning in my turret room
I stand, like Danaë of old,
Expectant for the amorous shower:
O Zeus! the water's cold!

But we like better her airy vaporing,

"My Cabinet," which has the warmth and fervor of live steam:

My Cabinet

How warm I am when you have clipped me round,
Head in the clouds and feet upon the ground:
Dull days may come and Death may cross my path.
Yet you were mine, my own, my vapor bath!

We should like to quote further, especially from her longer poems. "The Alcohol Rub" and "The Hot Room," but no doubt our readers are prepared to admit that Miss Diziac is the peer of Amy Lowell, Charlotte Eaton, or "The Bath" himself.

OBSERVATION

SPRING lines are trimmed with flowers,
That's true of bonnets,
And, by the powers, it's still
More true of sonnets.

Sorrows of a Prof

Butterflies

This breaking social butterflies
  On academic wheels
Is something, sirs, that ever tries
  The soul that keenly feels;

This feeding food for grub worms
  To a saucy little Miss
That now, as any fool can see,
  Has shed the chrysalis.

We like to see 'em flutter
  Round the sparks upon the campus,
And it hurts to see their utter
  Lack o' lustre when they lamp us.

It seems so sad to net 'em
  And to pin 'em down to cases
When they look so cute in Arden
  With their fripperies and laces.

The Exact Attitude

I lie supine upon my back
  When I astronomize;
The blissful ignoramus prone
  Can con the starry skies.

Ah, lucky dub, so prone to lie!
While if I lie too prone,
I either must geologize
Or fracture my backbone.

The Æstivation of Bores

Hibernation, they find it good,
Big black bears in a wintry wood;
Bores run loose while the deep snows stay,
Summer sends 'em to hit the hay;
Profs and pedagogues æstivate
While all the little studes jubilate.

Bears grow thinner when they hole up,
Sleep all winter with never a sup.
Profs grow fat under summer skies,
Fed on fishes and berry pies.
Bores hole up on a double ration;
Nothing suits 'em like æstivation.

In Flapper Time

I love the merry, merry spring,
When winter long has lasted;
Now every flapper — cunning thing! —
Has some lad flappergasted.

'T is now they lose their callow wits,
'T is now the purse string looses,
To buy those rich banana splits
For flappergastric juices!

To Peace

He serves thee ill that brings but loud
Lip service to thy altar,
And worships with vain minstrelsy,
The sackbut and the psalter.

For every man must pay his tithe
Of blood and tears or toil:
Some pay it on the stricken field,
Some from the guarded soil.

Johnny Comes Marching Home

Johnny's marching home to marry.
Let us hope he'll never tire
Of the harmless curtain lecture,
And regret the curtain fire.

Lacrimæ Rerum

They gave the ship a name,
Life quickened all her frame,

Speeding from builder's leash down sloping ways;
Leaping to meet the sea,
Scenting her liberty,
Young, strong and made, it seemed, for length
of days.
While on the sea, that Ancient gray,
The age-long rage was lost in light that day.

In vain would winds arise
To bay so staunch a prize,
In vain would lashing wave her ribs assail;
The shipwright's cunning art
Made perfect every part,
Where man has built his best, Ocean must quail,
To crouch till man shall turn again
To blast his conquests in that old domain.

So, in the turn of time,
Cradled upon the slime,
Behold a steely thing that lurks and waits,
Glaring like basilisk
With cold unwinking disc,
Until it strikes the gallant ship it hates.
While in the sea, that Ancient gray,
The malice wakes of his primeval day.

The Hunting of the Turtle

The ark of state was sinking fast
When Lansing tired of baling,
Said he to Woodrow Wilson, "Sir,
Thy servant's strength is failing.
Blue water hems us all around,
The submarines increase."
"Fear not," said Woodrow Wilson then;
"Let loose the dove of peace."

To Potsdam and to Essen first
That ardent turtle flew,
And everywhere the turtle went
The demonstration grew.
They greeted her and fêted her,
Berlin to Wilhelmshaven;
You see, her cooing partly drowned
The croaking of the raven.

But when she left her pleasant perch
Upon the pickelhaube,
In Petrograd and Paris they
Mistook her for a Taube.
In London town they potted her,
And peppered her for fair;

She looped the loop for Woodrow's coop
Remarking, "C'est la guerre."

The dove of peace is out again;
They say she's out to stay;
The dove, you see, may safely fly
Where eagles clear the way.
In London, Rome, and Paris too
She sheds her friendly quills;
They really like to hear her coo
When Deutschland pays the bills.

The Murman Coast

Said a Murmaid to her Murman
By the far-famed Murman sea,
"Have you heard, Lenine and Trotzky
Are en route to you and me?"

Said the Murman to his Murmaid,
By that sea so washy-wishy,
"Was it via Copenhagen?
Then, my dear, your tale is fishy."

The Two Brooms

I will sweep it with the besom of destruction. — Isa. XIV. 23

The Hun he loved the waning moon
And flew as witches fly;
His besom of destruction
He rode across the sky.
He shrank away from light of day,
Along with bat and owl;
He hovered over sleeping towns
And there his work was foul.

The Briton loves the light of day,
And flies as sea mews fly;
His besom of protection
Shows clear against the sky.
He long had nailed it to the mast
And cleared the seven seas,
As late he swept the filthy Hun
And cleaned the midnight breeze.

On the Spree

How dark and brown will be the taste,
The dawn how dull and gray,
What time the Prussians sober up
At Berlin on the Spree.

The katzenjammer they will have!
Who now await to see
The knockout drops we have prepared
For Berlin on the Spree.

An Ace

I NEED — I take — to wing my song,
One little punning word:
An Ace on earth, it seems to me,
Is just a Hunning bird.

A whir, a hum, a dart, a dip,
A zoom, and off again!
I wonder, do they hunt the Hun
Upon that astral plane?

The Sensitive Superman

THERE once was a brave young Berliner,
Who bawled for a bath and a dinner.
"I need soap," he began,
"On my whole superman
And a barrel of kraut in my inner."

Then a prominent Turkish official
Replied in a manner judicial,

"Do you mind when they sniff?
Look at us you big stiff!
O Fritz, you are so superficial!"

The Navy Way

On troubled waters oil, we thought,
Was one sure way to peace,
And every little sub we caught
Made one more spot of grease.

The Hyphenated Muse

Oh, Carranza sent a cable- (on the Kaiser's birthday)
gram
To the Kaiser at his Pots- (that's a German palace)
dam,
And it said, "Look out for Uncle (that's my north-
ern neighbor) Sam,
For he's coming after you!"

Then the Kaiser waved his iron (as the papers have
it) hand,
And he danced a little sara- (that's a Turkish tango)
band,
And he said: "I'm safe in Heli- (in the German sea)
goland,
But I thank my friend Carranza."

Woodrow, Spare That Treaty

The Imperial German Government appeals to the Treaty of 1799

Oh, that treaty of seventeen ninety and nine
Was the first of its kind and the last of its line;
And he clung, did the Teut, to this precious old page,
The last and the best of a rich heritage.

All the treaties that stood in the days ante-bellum
Had gone to the mill save this hoary old vellum;
He had pulped, had the Teut, all the treaties around,
But his love for this stump was both deep and profound.

All the parchments had perished, the sheepskins were torn,
This decrepit old document lingered forlorn;
But the heart that was hard to the ewe and the lamb
Was tender and true to this doddering ram.

Oh, this treaty of seventeen ninety and nine
Was the last dusty flask of an old vintage wine,
And the Teut shed a tear as he snuffed the aroma,
The fragrant bouquet of this cobwebbed diploma.

The German Way

Along the roads where Roman legions sleep
The Hapsburg eagles and the German sweep;
They shall not wear the glamour that they claim,
The pomp of Cæsar and the Roman name.

Italia stands and shall, embattled yet,
Where silver eagles flashed in suns now set;
The eagle's note, hear Roman Virgil speak:
"To smite the proud and to exalt the weak."

The weak, the little cowering peoples know
The German bluster and the German blow;
But let true metal ring, "They shall not pass!"
Her talons fly like shards of brittle glass.

Where armies fester and where states decay,
Where maggot spies have made a mellow prey,
With sounding vans the German vultures light,
To rob the jackal and defraud the kite.

Foster Children

The world, I think, was like some idle mothers:
We put our young inventions out to nurse.
Dame Germany would nurture them so kindly,
And take the merest pittance from our purse.

But then the good old dame grew somewhat addled,
Declared she was the mother of them all;
Yes, swore they were her very own conceptions —
And how the scamps obeyed her beck and call!

Well, lately we have shown 'em that we made 'em —
Fritz U. Boat and Carl Taube and the rest.
But when we have a young idea in future,
A little home nutrition would be best.

Where Shall We Lean?

Whiskey, wheat, and sugar gone,
What supports remain?
First they took the stick from life,
Now the staff and cane.

Retrospect

Now has our wrath been as the tide
That stirs in its own hour,
And brushes dike or dune aside
With slow majestic power.
It sets before a hidden force,
It claims the utmost rod:

Nor ruth nor rage avail to stem
The tide that moves with God.

Now have our millions moved as one
That moves because he must;
Our foes were as the driven spray,
The rain, the spiteful gust.
Be this our pride, our single boast,
We swept across the sea
A still, resistless tidal host
To peace, with Liberty.

A German Noah's Ark

The German Sheep

The German sheep, dear children, grew
To more than common size;
Their wool was long and silky too,
And fell about their eyes;
And thus they did not see so well —
I'm also told they could not smell

The Prussian Goat

The Prussian goat, my little dears,
That wild and skippish beast,
Conducted sheep from east to west,
And then from west to east;

And when the sheep sat down to rest
He told them of that awful pest

The Russian Bear

The Russian bear, dear children used,
To shamble round the fold,
To ask for little lambs to eat,
And scare their mothers cold;
But now the bear has other duties
To catch the Bolsheviki cooties.

The Social Hour

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night was beginning to lower,
Came a pause in the trench occupations
That was known as the social hour.

As the Russian stars were rising
And the sun was beginning to sink,
Then the samovars unlimbered,
All laden with fragrant drink.

Then the train of Russ tea wagons
Went out to the hungry Huns,

And the muzhik laughed at the Teuton chaff
As the Hun and he crossed buns.

It was beautiful but not lasting,
For the pink tea and the buns
Were nothing to fasting millions
Of horrible, hungry Huns.

So they seized on the pink tea wagons
And the beautiful samovars,
While the reds walked back with never a snack,
'Neath the glittering Russian stars.

MIRAGE

The fighting was suspended owing to a mirage, but upon this lifting our offensive continued. — British report.

STILL waters glimmering between still palms
Or ruffled dark by flaws of scented air,
Vine tendrils, fern, the soft green living things
A desert dream holds out to travelers there.

What wonder if the fitful firing broke,
And quiet brooded on the burning sands,
While eye and heart yearned towards that faëry isle
As men to peace in other greener lands.

The Prune and the Prism

A philological romance

She was only a humble prune,
While he was a prism gay;
She loved him for his gaudy hues,
And he called her his soufflé.

Back they came from the honeymoon,
To a life of sighs and schisms.
None of you knows the original prune,
But you all know prunes and prisms.

Chin Que Song

Obiit, Chicago, June 7, 1916

There's a subtle necromancy,
Like the poppy to my fancy,
In your soft celestial name,
Chin Que Song,

Like some potent anodyne,
Lotus flower or honeyed wine,
Or the heavy scent of sandal,
Chin Que Song;

So I hope you get the odor
In your heavenly pagoda

Of the joss that I am burning,
Chin Que Song,

As I name you an Immortal,
Though you never crossed the portal
Of an Academic Hall,
Chin Que Song.

May the little gods of jade
Be propitious to your shade,
In a tea house in Nirvana,
Chin Que Song.

Hook and Line

I love to fish with little squibs,
Or bait my hook with captions,
Now grubby little jingle worms,
Now whirligig contraptions.
It is a wary trout I feed,
To tickle him is work indeed.

A hook without a bait is vain
As rimes without a reason:
Good quips in May fall flat in June,
The fly must fit the season.
How sad to fish for goggle eyes
And never never get a rise.

My Visitant

I find her daily at my doors,
  This flaunting, haunting hussy,
A welcome guest in idle hours,
  A bore when one is fussy.

She pries and peers, she sobs and sneers,
  She has an ear for tattle,
She prates of petty pilferings
  Or tells tall tales of battle.

You court her favors and she sulks,
  You flee her and she follows.
Her faith is weak when truth you speak,
  The lies she always swallows.

I sometimes try to put her by,
  But yet, I must confess it.
I grumble with, I pine without,
  My newspaper. God bless it!

Divers Conceits

Imagine all the fishes in a parti-colored maze,
The mottled blue fish gazing at the red and yellow
  rays;

The scarlet whale lamenting for his former decent drab;
The shark marooned regarding purple patches on the crab;
The groper groping blindly in a cloud of indigo;
The cod in dizzy colors overcome with vertigo;
For this is just what happened when that merchant submarine,
All laden down with dye stuffs, by a British ship was seen.
The cautious German sailor men obeyed the warning gun,
But though the ship was hard and fast the dyes were bound to run.
The cuttle fish quite pop eyed, and with envy green beside,
Beheld the hues this super-squid shot out upon the tide.

Lines to a Roast Water Fowl

At dawn you slept upon a stone,
All melancholy and alone,
A-dreaming of the summer's joys,
Your mallard mate, the pleasant ploys
By False Presque Isle.

How false, alas, I weep to tell it!
Woe worth the gun that sped the pellet!
It was not mine — I do but dine
On thy reliques by False Presque Isle.

And yet, sweet fowl, thy end was blest.
Like finest gold you stood the test
Of shrewdest flame and made a roast
That Brillat Savarin would boast,
By False Presque Isle.

'T is hard, dear bird, for you to lack
The still bay girt with tamarack;
But know that you were duly prized,
With onion wept and fletcherized
By False Presque Isle.

Wonders of the West

Dedicated to John Burroughs

In far-off California,
Where truth is passing strange,
The ostriches began to pine
And sicken on the range.

At last a fine young cock expired;
They called the local quacks,

Who said the symptoms pointed to
Ten penny nails and tacks.

When through his ventral cavity
A probe was deeply driv,
They found the late lamented bird
Had gobbled down a fliv.

An antidote was found, and now
Henritis rarely kills.
Each ostrich farmer dopes his pets
With little flivver pills.

BALLADE D'AUTREFOIS

WHERE are the maids of other days
When you and I were young? —
Such maids as Shelley never knew
And Byron never sung.
Villon, perhaps, and those old chaps
Who knew that smiles bewitchin'
Might make a scullery divine
Or glorify a kitchen.

Where are those humble goddesses
Of mop and broom or skillet

That never lost a character
And seldom changed a billet?
All vanished like the Buffalo,
The modest cost of living;
Their proxy is a doxy in
This age of flim and flivving.

On the Dry Seas

Wonder why that Flying Dutchman never flies to-day,
Lingering in some far offing where lost luggers stay.
Wonder would our jackies weaken if he should appear;
If the gobs should meet the goblins would n't it be queer?

Wonder why that old sea serpent keeps himself so dark;
Dropping ash cans on his coco — that would be a lark!
If our navy ever sights him, that old lobster called the kraken,
Bet a bomb he will be potted or uncommon badly shaken!

Wonder if there is a reason why that scaly humbug vanished,
Why the merman and the mermaid and the Hollander are banished.
Was it grog that made 'em see things, have the dry seas lost their wonder?
Did old Davy close his locker when John Barleycorn went under?

To Central

That time you were so slow
And I did twit you,
Central, I never knew
The flu had hit you.
Shame on me cussing so!
Central, I could not know!

Hearing your distant sneeze
Filled me with pity:
Take, Central, if you please,
This little ditty.
Still gripped by influenza,
Clutch at this kind cadenza.

For when you start to buzz
I may be as I was.

The Lost Art

Does it make you tired, sirs, amateurish stuff,
Laymen, sirs, and ministers, trying to be tough?
Business men and senators, editors and . . . well,
Everybody's stock in trade is poor old "Hell!"

Not that we're particular, out to play the prude,
If they only knew, sirs, what is really rude.
Cussing was an art, sirs, out in Idaho;
Ever have a sheep herd tell you where to go?

Lumberjacks in Michigan — holy Mackinaw! —
How the wicked words flew flicking on the raw!
Let us save our breath, sirs, let us be polite;
Or, if we must cuss, sirs, do the damn thing right!

Reroute 'Em

We now demand, with all our soul,
Combined with government control,
  Deflection;
For Æolus, the traffic king,
And Boreas are out to sting
  Our section.

Now McAdoo or even Newt
Could find some better way to route
These blizzards;
Refrigerator lines if pooled
Could end this tie-up that has cooled
Our gizzards.

The sunny south must now kick in
And start to take its Medicine
Hat weather;
The situation can be met
If weather sharps will only get
Together.

Sol Invictus

Old Sol still keeps his ancient thirst,
Still westward steers to slake it;
Briny his nightcap as at first,
Dry waves can never shake it.

Though service takes him overseas,
Old Sol, that thirsty rover,
Pickled on brine and unabashed
Sinks westward half seas over.

Love o' Trees

Pines that keep the sun from me,
  Thronging round my roof,
Dusky shy and dumb to me,
  Near and yet aloof.
I have seen the starry web,
  Flung about your tops,
Heard your voices rise, and ebb
  As the night wind drops.
Lately I have slaved for you,
  Fought the forest fire,
Saved the cool disdain of you
  From a hot desire.
I have worn the yoke for you,
  As a faithful Druid,
Poured libations out to you,
  Pails of Huron fluid.

Poets' hearts have yearned to oak,
  Ached for birch or pine:
Poet back was never broke
  As this back o' mine!

JULY, 1918, AT BELL, MICHIGAN

I DO not mind the gnats that tweak like devils' tongs
hereafter;
I do not mind the bats that squeal and scratch along
the rafter;
I do not mind the moths that drive like shock troops
at our lamp,
The mice that in our kitchen thrive and riot there
and ramp;
Mosquitoes of a super size have scarcely power to
tease;
I'm Uncle Toby to the flies, though when were flies
like these?
St. Francis, I, to all the bugs and vermin here at
Bell.
For when the Hun is on the run, a man could laugh
in hell.

BACK TO NATURE

I MET a belle of Bell, Mich,
From out the berry patch;
And I admired her luscious pick
As she my whopping catch.

O were we on the Boul, Mich,
Madonna of the pails,
How hick would be your buckets,
What caviar my whales!

Spinning Our Span

Take the string and wind it neatly,
Poise the top and peg it featly
In a giddy drop;
Watch it circle for a stance,
Stand and bore there in a trance,
Sleeping like a top.

See it wake and start to stutter,
Wobble in confusion utter,
Topple then and lie;
Like a man that spins and whirs
In a rut and never stirs
Till he wakes and dies.

Our Cloven Spoofs

A pome is very like a ham,
The commas like the spice,
Some like the porcine flavor best,
Some think the cloves are nice.

Our poems, too, are like a ham
Small matter, sure, for boasting;
Drop comma cloves, or add to taste,
And, reader, do the roasting.

A Snapshot

To Friend Wife

What were a negative like me
Without a sun like you?
If I turn out a positive,
You make the light, you do!

The Bachelor Clam

"Sh!" shudders he, "it's a shy sad life,
In our sheltered shuttered shells,
And I sometimes sigh for a sly, shad wife
From the shimmering, shining swell.

"But I love my shelf on the shingly shoal,
Where the spent waves slide and hiss,
And I would not climb from the shielding slime
Of my life of shingle bliss.

"No, I would not gad with a mad sea shad
Nor nest with a mollusc mate,
To long for the selfish life I led
As a shellfish celibate."

Half-told Tales

So many kiss to-day,
  And die to-morrow:
And is remembrance sweet,
  Or sweet and sorrow?

For some say, only sweet;
  And sweet and bitter, some . . .
Ah, who can end the tale,
  When all the dead are dumb!

Pierre l'Hermite

What time I fish with rod and reel
Along the reeds of False Presque Isle,
I watch the hermit of the place,
A Great Blue Heron he, by race,
We call him Peter, or Pierre,
Because he eats the frogs 'round there.

Aloof from care or strife or fear,
Upon one leg he poses near;
But let a frog so much as hop,
He seems all neck and bill and crop.
A whirlwind, he, what time he turns
His mind to practical concerns.

Fact is, suspicion will persist,
He is a sort of egotist.
He has no chick nor child nor egg,
But knows and shows he has a leg.
He keeps his bachelor estate,
Nor ever seems to miss a mate.

He'll watch me peevishly reel back
My empty, vain Dowagiac.
Though for his thoughts I cannot vouch,
He seems to chide me for my grouch;
As who should say, "What's life, old chap?
A leg, a log, a frog, a nap."

That Ambiguous Bird

In the National Guard we would carry a gun,
We would bleed for the national banner;
But our patience is done with that national pun:
Pray can it, O National Canner!

When handled by Noah and Webster, you see,
The chicken was merely a bird;
But old Noah to-day would be shocked, I dare say,
At this sly reprehensible word.

It is good, as a rule, for a smile on the Boul,
Or a laugh at a tea or a dinner;
If you serve it up raw it will win a guffaw:
Condemn it, all-powerful Tinner.

Pray, ban and taboo it, cold-pack it or stew it;
The wits of the peepul may quicken;
And your name will be blest if you heed our behest,
And put a quietus on "chicken."

Sheba

Chicago could be a queen of Sheba, spread out beside her waters.
— Editorial, Chicago Tribune

'Neath sable sylvias she lies
Spread out beside her waters,
'Neath wisps diaphanous of murk,
The fairest of earth's daughters.

Some day that fuscous veil will lift,
Some Solomon unborn
Will see our Sheba as she is
On some September morn.

Ah! speed that fair epiphany
When Middle-Western eyes
Will see those hidden beauty spots
That now the East denies.

Chanson de Pung

Prate not to me of skate nor ski,
Nor bob nor sleigh nor cutter;
No western tongue nor bard has sung
The word I love to utter.

Now heed the call, Vermonters all,
And sing it with a will,
The old time ballad of the pung,
The pung we used to fill.

"Come hitch old Roxy to the pung,
And let the wild bells jingle
We'll skim the crust for twenty mile
With every nerve a-tingle.

"Up hill and down, by field and town,
And how that critter races;
At her best licks old Roxy kicks
The snow balls in our faces."

Thou good old pung, thy shafts are sprung,
Thy runners rust, I trow,
But still I praise those punging days
That all Vermonters know.

Noah, 1919

If good old Noah were here to-day,
He would not build in the olden way;
He would not hammer and peg an ark;
He'd hie to the back yard after dark,
And dig and delve in the cool dark ground
A cellar an hundred cubits round.

And when that cellar was delved and digged,
The bins all laid and the tackle rigged,
He'd hoist to rest in the cool dark ground
The critters he loved from the whole world round.
He'd lower the demijohns, two by two,
And the little fat kegs of Milwaukee brew,
The squat black bottles with squirrel inside,
The little pinch bottles from over the tide,
The magnums marching in stately pairs,
The flasks in couples with monkish airs,
These and more like a chubby mole,
Noah would stow in his cubby hole.

Honest Noah! that good old man!
What would he do when the drought began?
Would he pity and let them in,
Shem and Japhet and all his kin?

Could he, fresh from the flowing spout,
Watch poor Ham when his tongue hung out?

Well, I wager he'd pause and think
Twice at least on the cellar's brink.
"Durn their hides," he would likely say,
"Why did they go for to vote that way?
Going dry in the flood was pie
To keeping wet when the world is dry."

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